

Enslaved

by xiaojiang

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Summary: He remembered how cold winter nights spent cuddling next to a warm fire shimmered like mirages behind more vibrant colder days of resentment and anger and his hands clenched. It was the cruelest trick of all. To first give her to him and then take her away. To tempt him with the forbidden fruit knowing full well that he, in his youth and naivety, was powerless to resist.
(AU)

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****Disclaimer:**** I do not own any part of Naruto. I make no money from this.

****Warnings:** VERY STRONG SEXUAL CONTENT (not this chapter but next chapter), RAPE (between main characters, SasuHina) ****or** at the very least, very very ****QUESTIONABLE**** contents (If easily offended, please don't read)******, OOC and unbeta****** (My beta is busy and I couldn't wait so please put up with my horrible grammar for now. I'll put up a clean version when it's done). ****Read at your own risk.****

****AN:**** I feel that I should warn my readersâ€|this story is not a warm and fuzzy story. It will contain questionable consent and I want to give all potential readers a heads up. I do not support or condone rape and if I was in a similar situation, I would behave differently. This story is not meant to represent real life or anything of the sort. Rape is ugly. Rape is not cool. It is not fun and it is not sexy. Once again, you have been warned. If you are easily offended and choose to read the story, please don't complain about the lack of warnings afterward.

For everyone else, please enjoy and don't forget to tell me what you think in the review. Thanks!

* * *

><p>The young police inspector blinked slowly. His eyes were starting to fall asleep and his body was a wreck. He was exhausted. Every bone in his body was screaming for rest. He wanted to sit down, but people did not sit down in front of Uchiha Sasuke. They stood and waited. And if perhaps Uchiha Sasuke said, "sit down." Then they sit down-but not before.<p>

"What are you saying?!" Uchiha Sasuke slammed his left fist into the nearest wall, the force of it rattling the priceless framed paintings, threatening to unhinge them. "The heiress to the Hyuuga name goes missing on her wedding day and you're telling me you can't find her?!"

The outburst jerked every nerve in his body to attention and years on the force couldn't stop the way a small little shiver ran through Suigetsu HÅ•zuki's body**. **"I'm sorry, Mr. Uchiha. We've probed all the leads but they've led to dead ends. Our men are working around the clock-

"Do not give me excuses!" Sasuke said angrily, pivoting on his heels to stare furiously at the cowering inspector before him. "It has been one week. That's seven fucking-

"Sasuke, calm down."

Uchiha Itachi was a silent man and overwhelmed by the younger Uchiha's fire, the inspector had forgotten that the older was in the room. At the voice, he turned toward the older brother and was hopeless to stop the chills that ran down the back of his legs, threatening to buckle them from beneath him. His eyes were gray and cold. Dangerous eyes. While the younger brother was fire and zealous, the older was silent and deadly. He didn't speak much but when he did people listen. When Uchiha Itachi said, "Jump" people jump. They did not ask questions firstâ€|or later.

The older Uchiha survey him coldly. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. "If you have nothing to report then get out and do your job."

Suigetsu opened his mouth but close it just as quickly. What do they care that in the seven days since the Hyuuga heiress went missing, he had only caught ten hours of sleep at most? What do they know, tucked in their warm and comfortable bed, what it was like falling asleep in his hard office chair surrounded by piles and piles of paperwork and clues that led to nowhere? He hate guys like these the most. All privileges and no understanding for the working class. One day he'd show these high privileged, good for nothing the heels of his boots. But not today. Definitely not today. As much as he bitched about his job, he still wanted to keep it. Instead, he gave a swift bow and quickly left the room, grateful to be out of the suffocating atmosphere.

"A week," Sasuke muttered angrily, strolling back and forth in the silent guestroom. "Seven whole days and not a sign of her."

"Go back home and get some rest," Itachi ordered, taking note of the shadows under his little brother's eyes. "You look like death. No-" he raised a hand when Sasuke opened his mouth to protest. "As her

fiancé, I'm as worried as you over this matter but the Hyuuga's networks are vast and they are already working around the clock on this case. I have no doubt that she'll be found soon."

Sasuke glared at his older brother. He loved his brother, would sacrificed his life without a second thought if asked to, but their inability to fully understand each other often cast a thin line between love and hate.

When Sasuke was young, he envied all the attentions his brother received. He wanted his father's approval and longed for his brother's acceptance. He was so very young, so very susceptible and his father's callous words had the innate ability to prick at his vulnerable pride. But Uchiha Itachi was a prodigy, perfect in every way. Nothing could faze him. Even as a child he cast a long shadow. A shadow that was impossible for Sasuke to crawl out from no matter how hard he tried. The obedient son that could do no wrong, the loving responsible elder brother and the loyal best friend; Itachi embodied all of them to perfection. Under the weight of perfection, there was not a single thing Sasuke could have done about it. After all, how could he ever hope to overcome perfection?

The cracks started small, barely visible to those who didn't know where to look. It could be something as simple as the way Itachi held his chopsticks to the strained smile on his face but eventually, even perfection gave way to wear and tear. He knew that his brother felt it too, the wariness that crept into his mind and made him ache for the chance for freedom. The ache in his bones and the twitch in his fingers that longed for release. Sasuke noticed the longing gazes, the lingering touches and the words that stuck at the tip of his tongue; all aim at someone who would never be accepted by society's standards.

Uchiha Itachi was perfect in every way—almost.

Sasuke was searching for those cracks now, any clues that could possibly give him an inkling of his brother's true feeling. Why was he so calm? Hyuuga Hinata was Itachi's fiancé. They were supposed to marry a week ago. But he wasn't so lucky this time. Itachi remain an indecipherable mask of serenity. Sasuke scowled, grab his coat and left without another word.

When he was four he had taken one of Itachi's toy. It wasn't particularly expensive nor exceptional but because it had been given to him by his best friend, Shisui, Itachi had taken a special liking to it and had hidden it carefully in one of his secret shelf. Sasuke had only wanted to see and play with it a little. He hadn't meant to damage it. It just so happened that in his excitement, he had tripped on his way out, fell and crushed the fragile little thing. It was entirely accidental. But Itachi hadn't been happy about it and had went running to tattletale on him to their parents.

His mother had made him apologized, sat him aside and gave him some words of wisdom. "You must never touch things that doesn't belong to you." He was sure she hadn't meant any harm by it. He was only four and he highly doubt she meant for those words to hold much meaning to him. But regardless, those words sank into his bones and made home in the dark reclusive dwelling of his mind.

From then on, he applied that philosophy to everything and everyone,

categorizing them into their proper places, vowing never again to overstep his boundaries and never once had he broken his promise. Until her. Only her.

They were only five when they met for the first time and she had grab his hand and smiled at him with all the eagerness of a child out on her first summer festival and Sasuke had stared down at the small eager hand and thought, _what a strange girl_. But each he visited, her enthusiasm and wiliness to hold tightly onto his hand never abated. She would grab his hand and forcibly tug him along and show him newly flowered plants or new and strange things she had discovered since the last time he visited.

In the beginning it was always her whom had done the tugging and pulling, always with a smile and unwarranted excitement. Sasuke had simply gone along with her becauseâ€|why not? There was no harm and though he was reluctant to admit it, he liked her laughter and her bright smiles. Then one day, he found himself unconsciously reaching for her and soon enough they got lost in their own little world until one day, he turned to her and thought, _finally_.

He found someone that was his alone.

Sasuke wrapped his scarves more tightly around himself and his gaze flickered briefly toward the bleak grey cloud overhead.

Why had he thought that?

Oh right.

Because she didn't mind his dirt-smeared hands. Because she ran to him, a smile splitting from ear to ear with dirt of her own.

But he was wrong.

Hyuuga Hinata didn't belong to him. She belong to no one but the Hyuuga name and everything that name encompassed. But he, in all his youth and naivety, hadn't understand that fact until the day came when there was nothing he could've done about it.

Dressed in his best suit and a wide smile plastered on his face, Sasuke stood idly by and watched as Itachi cast him a glance, half anger, half pity, before bowing stiffy, his hand extended toward Hinata.

Dumbfounded but excited because dressed in a pink and white Sakura patterned kimono, Hinata was so beautiful that his heart was beating out of control and the blush that was fast spreading across his cheeks must be obvious to anyone who care to look his way. But no one was paying any attention to him because their attention was focus solely on the pair in the center of the room.

After a long moment of hesitation, Hinata shyly placed her hand in his brother's and the room of people erupted into cheers. Seeing her hand in his brother's caused a sudden unexplainable tightening in his chest and the sight of Hinata dressed in her silk kimono didn't look so pretty anymore.

He tried to talk to her later, reaching out to grab hold of her hand like he had done hundreds of times before. Though he was still too

young to understand, he needed a confirmation. Any sort of confirmation that he was overthinking and things couldn't be what he was dreading. But she had flinched out his way and the look on her face was one of horror and fear. Confused, he again reached for her and Hinata backed away from him as if fearing he would do her harm.

"Sa-Sasuke?" she gasped, her eyes darting left and right.
"I-weâ€¦"

Her eyes avoided his as her teeth sank into her bottom lip and he saw that she was trembling. "Y-youâ€¦" she began. "You c-can'tâ€¦" she paused, her lips quivering.

Then as if suddenly gaining courage, she firmed her shoulders, her chin lifting upward as she gazed down at him. "You mustn't touch me so casually." She laughed but it wasn't one of her normal laugh. This one was shaky and wobbly as if forced. "Fa-I have decided that such touching is wrong." The curve of her mouth titled in politeness. "But we can still be f-friends." Then with the grace of a lady of her status, she gave him a perfectly curved bow and disappeared from his sight before he could uttered a word.

And in that moment, Sasuke realized that he had been wrong. She did belong to someone. It just wasn't him. Never again would she smiled at him with concerns and genuine happiness. Never again would she run over, her hands smudged with dirt and grass and embraced him. At the age of twelve, barely old enough to understand the ways of the world, she had decided that she preferred the brother whom had everything and not the worthless little brother and left him to defend for himself.

Sasuke vowed to forget her; forget the beautiful garden that was their haven and the little fairy that had lived there and promised him forever. Magic and happily ever after were for the young and foolish and Sasuke couldn't afford to be either.

But Hyuuga Hinata was as kind as she was beautiful and time did nothing to diminish that sad fact. Her smiles were given without thought, her laughter was addicting and her eyes shone too brightly. No one had anything bad to say about her, not even the servants because she treated everyone and everything with kindness and a sense of sincerity that was rare among those of her peers. All but him. He was always the exception.

It was not as if she avoided him. With their close family ties, that was an impossibility. But she took great pain to make sure they were never left alone. The few times that he managed to cornered her always ended with him tasting bitterness at the tip of his tongue and uncomfortableness down below. And if he happened to accidentally brush up against her, she would tense and jerk away as if he had burnt her. The thought of touching him disgust her Sasuke realized and the knowledge made his chest throbbed with the need to draw blood.

He saw the way she looked at his brother and he knew he couldn't have her. She liked the light she said, liked warm smiles and gentle touches. And so Sasuke convinced himself that if she valued the light then he'd become the dark. So he went out and he corrupted, got dirt on his shoes, his clothes, his body, his entire being until he was just as dirty as the dirt he rolled in. He traded blood and sweat and

eventually made a name for himself. But still she smiled those unwaveringly polite smiles at him, gifting him with her perfect smiles and each time she did, he found himself wishing he could break her.

As the years passed, she only became more beautiful and Sasuke found his gaze drifting more and more toward Hinata and his mind raged. Her apparent revulsion toward him only served to fuel his resentment and fascination. Instead of spending his days in self-meditation and purifying his sinful thoughts, he found himself diving headfirst toward the darkness, willingly drowning himself in various ways he could torture her. Every glance diverted, every smile undelivered, every laugh not given, fed the demon in him. He'd infect a reminder for each time she flinched from his touch and for every gentle smile she gifted his brother he was going to make her pay.

She wouldn't smile so unwittingly at his brother if she were privy to his thoughts. She would be shocked, terribly appalled. He wanted to agitate her, reveal to her the sordid secret weighed upon his conscience and watched as her face darkened in understanding and terrors. He imagined running his tongue along her delicate skin, thrusting his tongue inside her silky mouth and filling his hands with her delightful curves and his body shivered in anticipation.

Sasuke tugged on his gloves and made his way swiftly toward his parked car.

A winter wedding. Pure. White. Just like the whiteness of her wedding kimono. _How ridiculous._ If Itachi knew even the slightest thing about her, he'd know that Hinata was a lover of spring. She love the warmth of the sun, the rejuvenating sight of flourishing life and fragrant smell of flowers.

Memories of fine summer days spent chasing her around the Hyuuga's garden came unbidden to his mind and he remembered beautiful autumn winds, when she'd laughed, her long silky hair blowing in the breeze as she swung on their garden swing, her laughter tempting him of a bright and warm future.

Thin frozen puddles cracked under the weight of his winter boots and Sasuke cursed, lifted his foot and shook off the excess water.

It was rare to see crisp clear snow-covered ground in Tokyo. Instead, what they get were half-assed dirt-smudged snow that made walking dangerous and inconvenienced everyone and everything. The winter wind howled through the deserted driveway and bit at his frozen skin. He hated the cold. Always had. Always would.

He hated the dryness in his lips and the frostbites on his fingers. He hated seeing the evidence of his breath in the chilly air, reminding him once again, that yes, he was breathing, yes, he was living. Alive. Not as dead as he always suspected.

He hated the sight of her gorgeous hair stuffed under an ugly furry hat and adorable reddened ears brought about by the cold weather. But most of all, he hated lovely rosy cheeks that appeared unwanted and most frequently on pearly white skin in winter and suffocating scarves that covered a smooth graceful neck and the cold winter air that tainted her rosy lips blue.

Was there ever a time he didn't abhor the winter season?

Flashes of clear winter days building snowman with more dirt and grass than snow sneaked into the outer most part his vision and the perpetual frown on his face soften. Snowball fights and warm tea. Christmas illuminations and the warmth shared between two innocent bodies. Yes, there was once a time when he was able to endure the short days and long winter nights.

Then he remembered how cold winter nights spent cuddling next to a warm fire shimmered like mirages behind more vibrant colder days of resentment and anger and his hands clenched. It was the cruelest trick of all. To first give her to him and then take her away. To tempt him with the forbidden fruit knowing full well that he, in his youth and naivety, was powerless to resist.

It was time to go
home.

*****Page
Break*****

His hands itched.

Sasuke flexed his fingers, worked heat back into the frozen digits, reached for the knob, turned and walked into the room, his feet making no sound on the luxurious chocolate carpet.

A buzzing sound and soft pants penetrated his ears and Sasuke felt his body relaxed, his mind immediately at ease.

He shook off his coat, hung it on a coatrack and popped himself on the leather chair by the fireplace. "Are you hungry?" he asked, pulling his tie loose and tossing it onto a nearby coffee table. He reached for the laces of his boots and slowly work them free before tugging off his boots.

A low moan and the rustling of sheets echoed in the room.

* * *

><p>AN: I know what you all are thinking. Why are you starting a new story when you haven't even update the other ones?! And what about that Crazy Desires' epilogue that you promised?!

Okay, okay, I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry! I've descended into Yaoi hell (which is something I never imagined I could do) and have dug myself into the devastating fandom known as IwaOi (Haikyuu!) and I can't seem to get out (it has taken all my free time)! I swear I'll get that epilogue out and update the other storiesâ€|soonâ€|sometime in the far futureâ€|

Also, this story will be two, maybe three chapters top (And most of it is already written)! Nothing more than that.

This story is dedicated to the lovely and wonderful, ****Missgaga20****! She asked for a kidnapped Hinata fic and thus this fic was bornâ€|Missgaga20, thank you so much for all your support and for

always reviewing my stories! You're the best!

End
file.